1.1 THE RUMPELTONIAN CHAOSISM MANIFESTO

We spit on harmony!
We trample balance!
We reject the tidy illusions of order fed to us by museums, academies, and cowards in starched collars!

Chaos is our banner. Accident is our brush. Error is our truth.

We will paint with the crash, the smear, the broken pixel, the shriek of the uninvited color.
We will scrawl our vision across walls, screens, receipts, and the backs of envelopes.
We will never apologize.

Symmetry is a coffin. Perfection is a lie. To polish is to kill!
Let the raw line wobble! Let the form collapse! Let the canvas choke on excess!

We do not “compose”—we detonate.
We do not “finish”—we interrupt.
We do not “belong”—we invade.

The artist is not master but accomplice.
We are not rulers of chaos—we are its fugitives, its witnesses, its fire alarms at 3 a.m.

Rumpeltonian Chaosism lives where thought collapses:
—in the oil stain mistaken for a galaxy
—in the corrupted file that glows with phantom faces
—in the MS Paint line wobbling like a drunk prophet.

We demand no followers, only conspirators.
We demand no system, only collapse.
We demand no museum, only the open wound of the present moment.

This is not the end. This is never the end. This is rupture, forever.

Ralph Rumpelton